right mind, when suddenly you feel as if your tongue had been dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers hegin to creep downwards from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet have been care fully iced, has begun to run about in the roots of your hair. The next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold sweat all over. Then you are certain that some, one has cut the muscles at the back of your knees. Your mouth begins to open slowly, without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this point it is as well to get off the stage as quickly as you can, for you are far beyond human help.

Whether everybody suffers in this way or not I cannot say, but it exactly describes the torture I went through in " The Governor's Wife." I had just enough strength and sense to drag myself off the stage and seize a book, with which, after a few minutes, I reappeared and ignomini-ously read my part. Whether Madame de Rhona boxed my ears or not, I can't remember, but I think it is very likely she did, for she was very quick-tempered. In later years ,1 have not suffered from the fearsome malady, but evemnow, after fifty years of stage-life, I never play a new part without being overcome by a terrible nervous-ness and a torturing dread of forgetting my lines. Every nerve in my body seems to be dancing an independent

jig on its own account,

It was at the Royalty that I first acted with Mr. Kendal He and I played together in a comedietta called " A Nice Quiet Day." Soon after, my engagement came to an end, and I went to Bristol, where I gained the experience of my life with a stock company.